

# Beanie Sigel, Oh Daddy

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Oh daddy

You know you make me cry..

How can you love me?

I can't understand why..

[Beanie Sigel]

That's what they yellin when they grab me

Eyes are swellin, cryin, tryin to stab me

Once they realize they can't have me

When I leave 'em try to let 'em down easy like

I snatch your heart so easy like Valentine

Can't get caught up in that loop again

Never letting Cupid in

Boo you buggin ain't no time to be lovin

Man the grip on my pistol only thing I be huggin

It's mack daddy not your daddy mack

Bitch you got it criss-crossed (scrap)

I ain't havin that

I can't have your back

Look how you act when I had your back

Picture me havin that back to back

I pimp proper like shrimp-lobster

Check out my pimp-posture

Even my limp proper, mama

I can't help what's runnin down your face

I moved your ass into that furnished place

Like you earned that space

[Chorus]

[Beanie Sigel]

God damn baby you had me

All the twirlies in the caddy used to take it back gladly

We was tighter than Tommy Buns and Keesha

You cleant my guns, count my ones, bagged the reefer

Shit I thought you was the one - you was my bitch

The one that never snitched

Taught you how to bust a fifth, shit

I taught you how to push a whip

Taught you how to suck a dick

Taught you how to fluff a brick

But you got more drama than a B-mama

Got me goin through the motions like C. Thomas

With the bullshit, he say she say

The bitch is mad cause my jams kick like Eastbay

Mad cause they mans got they kicks on replay

How you drop from celebrity status

Pushin Bent to niggaz in celebrity wagons

In them sucka type Jags

Now you fuckin type mad

[Chorus]

[Young Chris]

Oh mommy its so sad

We had it together

You had it whenever

That's yo bad

You fucked up

It wasn't meant to be

You lucked up

Told me at the end don't trust her

See that's when all the bullshit started

That's what three me in reverse, counter-clockwise  
In my mind I swore that we would work  
But I guess that I was wrong  
Ran into a dead end  
Unfaithful bitch  
You fucked the nigga I was blazin with  
Fugazied shit  
It wasn't him it was the paper shit  
Nowadays its all about the latest shit  
That or they favorite...car  
Or get paper from ball  
Unless your label all that  
And you labeled as stars  
Makin the millions  
Got them bitches willin to do  
Whatever it takes  
Takin it off or willin to screw  
Whoever I bring  
Guess it's a celebrity thing  
But I was never ashamed  
I was blessed with the game

[Chorus]